## YPSILANTI SENTIN

VOLUME III—NUMBER 35.

YPSILANTI, (Mich,) WEDNESDAY SEPTEMBER 23, 1846.

WHOLE NO. 139

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TERMS. One Dollar and fifty cents, if paid in Advance; otherwise Two Dollars will invariably be charged. RATES OF ADVERTISING

For one square, [14 lines or less] one week, \$0 50.

" for subsequent insertions perWeek 25.

From the National Press.

I'VE READ IN WILD ROMANCE.

I've read in wild romance,
Of eyes so strangely bright,
You scarce could brook their piercing glance,
Yet turn not from its light.
And I've read of the pale and lofty front
And the clustering locks that hung,
Of the glorious, proudly curving lip
And oh! the magic tongue.

The magic tongue that sent Charmed music to the ear, And the ravished listener breathless bent,

And the raysest listener breathless bent.
Its thrilling tones to hear!
And I dreamed not, save in wild romance
Those graces to behold;
But I've seen them all divinely blent In one of earthly mould

But closed is the burning eye Beneath its clay cold lid And the magic tones in silence lie, And the shining locks are hid. He is sleeping in a distant grave; They have laid him down to rest Where the orange trees their branches wave Unheeded o'er his breast.

Where sunshine all the day Lights up the dark grave's gloom, And the tranquil moon's unclouded ray Sleeps nightly on his tomb. There blows no chilling, autumn blast,

Nor falls the winter's snow;
But the soft winds sigh and the flowers bloom
On the spot where he lies low. And a thousand mellow strains

From the fragrant groves arise, And the fire-bird o'er the flowery plains Like a flashing meteor flies. In the greenest, fairest land of earth, O'erhung by the clearest sky, Where summer reigns with a changeless sway, Alas! that he should die!

Sleep on, in thy sunlit grave, Thou of the eagle eye, While the snow falls, and the wild winds rave Where thy own fair sisters lie. Meet burial place for the gitted dead,
That land of summer bloom,
Tho sorrowing kindred may not shed
Their sad tears o'er thy tomb.

From Godey's Lady Book. A DINNER TO A GREAT MAN. BY F. E. F., AUTHOR OF "A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE." "THE WIDOWER," ETC. ETC

From morn to e'en it's nought but toiling, At baking, roasting, frying, boiling.-BURNS. "My dear," said Mr. Johnson, "Mr. Graville is in

"So I see by the papers," rejoined the wife. "They grandees have rather a hard time of it, I think, with all their honours," she added, with something of philosophic contempt to her tone.

"I met him to-day," continued Mr. Johnson, with wife's sage remark, "and to my surprise he recognized me at once and greeted me with great cordiali-

"Indeed!" excianned Mrs. Johnson, almost breathless with delight, her philosophic indifference at once put to flight by the condescension of the great man towards her husband. "Where did you meet him? Teil me all about it. Did you call upon him?"

"Oh, no; it was so long since we had met, and since then he has become so distinguished, that I should not have thought of claiming his acquaintance again-certainly not of calling on him-

"Why not?" interrupted his wife, quickly, who did not relish hearing that any man was so far above her king a call. "You were very intimate at college, hints she had thrown out, while she counted up to were you not?"

"Yes, yes; but college friendships are soon forgotton, particularly by those who rise in the world,-Your great gons have not long memories. Howev- scanty china closets. er, as I was saying, I had no idea of calling on Grawille, but I happened in at the - House, where he between the husband and wife. Mrs. Johnson said is staying. I was rather surprised at the crowd in nothing more on the subject until her husband returthe drawing-room, as I had forgotten all about Gra- ned the next day to dinner, when she asked him beville's being there, when, just as I was going to ask fore he had got off his great coat, rather anxiously, what the meaning of it was, he entered, and, to my "if he had seen Mr. Graville?" to which he answered surprise, recognized me as soon as his eye rested on impatiently, "no, that he had other things to do than me. He shook hands most cordially; and alluded to run after Mr. Graville." our college days with evident pleasure; asked if I had Mrs. Johnson was too prudent a wife to press the not married, and whether I had a family, and said he point at present, but determined to "bide her time" would be glad to make your acquaintance, and even and keep him up to the mark. inquired my address that he might call. I own I The day after, however, she was made happy by was very much gratified," continued Mr. Johnson, in her husband's saying-"I saw Graville to-day, and a tone and with a look that showed how precious are he says he will be very glad to dine with us some day the civilities of the great to those who are not so before he leaves town."

Mrs. Johnson had long ere the conversation reach- isfaction. "Did you call?" ed this point, laid down her work, giving up eyes, "Yes!" replied Mr. Johnson. cars and soul to all her husband said. As soon as ded as usual, but he came forward at once in the same he came to a pause, she asked twenty questions in a cordial manner as soon as he saw me. I asked him breath as to what else he said, and what her husband to dine, and he said very promptly that he would be said, and if he had told him how high John had grad- very glad to, that it would give him great pleasure to nated, and that he wanted Sam to go to West-Point, be introduced to you and to see my children, but he and Heaven knows where her interrogations would could not name a day just then he was so engaged ; have ceased if her breath had not failed for a moment, the very first, however, he could give us he would:when Mr. Johnson answered, rather impatiently- he should like to take his beefsteak and talk over old "No, no; we only conversed together about ten min- times with me exceedingly. So I was glad to see he There were two or three committees waiting expects no great dinner." to see him, and some one coming up to speak to him, he broke off hurriedly, asking me to call again, and son, anxiously. How long were you with him?" she so I came away. I could see," continued Mr. John-inquired. on, with evident exultation, "that his talking so long and intimately with me excited a good deal of atten- "He is so surrounded and beset in every way," concame up at once to ask me to introduce them, but 1 not as good a right to bore the "big bug" as himself. told them they had better apply to the committee; I "People were crowding in, and those confounded was in a hurry, and so I left. Franklin is a forward committee men who are about him seem to think choose to bore Graville with such people."

"You were quite right," replied Mrs. Johnson, much told-very sorry that Mr. Johnson had taken the opportunity to put down Mr. Franklin-"you were right; these great people are mighty careful of themselves and don't like being bored. But, my dear," she continued, with sudden earnesstness, "Graville is, I suppose, one of the most influential men now in pow-

er, is he not?" "Unquestionably," replied her husband. "Well, then," she resumed, with great animation "could not he get a commission for Sam at West

Point?" "Certainly, if he chose," replied Mr. Johnson;

line from him would settle the matter." "Then, my dear husband," urged Mrs. Johnson "why don't you ask him? It would be such a great thing for poor Sam. Now, don't be mealy-mouthed," she continued, imploringly, as her husband did no answer immediately.

"I was thinking of it, Jane," he replied, slowlyfor, though he had almost made up his mind to do so, he yet hesitated a little at seting his wife's imagination off in the same track.

After a pause, during which Mrs. Johnson seem to be deeply engaged, she looked up and said-"He is at the head of the-Department, is he not?"

"Then the office of - is in his gift, is it not?" Mr. Johnson nodded affirmatively, and the eyes of the husband and wife met with the same expres-

Poor Mr. Graville! How many visions were built upon the few civil words spoken in the warmth and, it must be added, heedless moments of a sudden recognition?

"I hope you may be at home when he calls," said all this week; I should be very sorry to have you fit for so great a man.

"Miss him!" exclaimed Mrs. Johnson, in a tone for by this time, she had made up her mind to ask him herself for Sam's warrant if her husband would not, and then maybe she would say a word or two about-but here she paused, and gasped even in imagination; and now her excitement was such that she rose and paced the room, while her husband puffed his eigar slowly and complacently, cogitating maybe the same schemes that nearly turned his wife's

Mr. Johnson continued to puff on in silence for some time, when at last, drawing the cigar from his mouth, he said, looking at his wife-"What do you say to my asking bim to dinner"

"I have been thinking of that, too," she replied, as she approached his arm-chair and planted herself in are making a great fuss with him, I suppose. These front of him; "it's the best, the very wisest thing you could do. He will then see the boys, and-there's with great excitement.

"Well, well, I don't know that," replied Mr. Johnhis wife's hopes and partly because his larger knowl- your Aunt Waring to ask for half-a-dozen of hers. edge of the world had taught him to build less on the Has the boy come back vet? kind feelings, not to speak of kind words, of a great man. "It would not be a ba, thing, though; and as glasses."
"Well, well; make out a list of what we want. he spoke of wishing to know you, it gives me a good opportunity of asking him-in a quiet way, of course; we can't undertake great parties-just a family din-

Mrs. Johnson could not but smile at the idea of Mr. Graville's eating one of their "family dinners"-corn beef and cabbage! or, maybe, beef-steak and potatoes!-table-cloth and china to match! However, she said nothing; get Mr. Graville invited, the dinner should be settled after that; and so she took up husband that he should be diffident about even maherself her glasses and silver forks, and made up her mind as to what she should borrow from her more wealthy sister to supply the deficiences of her own

The topic was not resumed, however, that evening

"Ah!" ejaculated Mrs. Johnson, with infinite sat-

"I wished he had named the day," said Mrs. John-

"Not over ten minutes," replied her husband. tion. Franklin and Boors, and half-a-dozen others tinued Mr. Johnson, half impatiently, as if others had and are monstrous civil, too; but as I found bim so the pantry.

pleased that her friend, Mrs. Franklin's husband, had us the first disengaged day, and that is all I wanted. time to time at the side table where they sat, and her seen the distinction with which Mr. Graville had reasted her husband, and not—if the truth must be, smiling, as it was purely to gratify her that he had servant for "one of Aunt Waring's tumblers," and ingly beautifully and touching in his death; "His

in town long."

"No: he leaves the beginning of next week He will come to us about Friday or Saturday, I im- was not halfboiled." agine."

parlour given an extra cleaning, and was only wait- the morning." ing till her husband was off to do the same by the

mittees to attend to, and was about apologizing, when, who was fairly ashamed of the whole corneern. seeing that it was such a keen disappointment to Mr. And how she pressed the poor over-fed man, who Johnson, and that, moreover, he did not mean to let had been dining and supping ever since he left home day and dine with him the following Tuesday.

He has not been successful, I am told; has a large to his hand. But still Mr. Graville talked on goodso I have determined to remain over Tuesday."

day, and only breathed freely when she found Tuesday was the day finally settled on, so that she would that no champagne came at her husband's order, who have no unprofitable Sunday intervening to arrest all Mr. Johnson. "Perhaps you had better not go out the exertions she must put forth to make her table

Mr. Johnson no longer talked of a "family dinner:" his vanity would not permit him to "hide his light almost of horror at such a calamity's befalling her, under a bushel;" he could not keep so distinguished a guest to himself-he must have others to meet him by way of showing how honoured he was,

So by the time the important Tuesday had arrived, he had asked rather more guests than his small dining-room would hold, and Mrs. Johnson was almost out of her wits with the perplexity and multi- and a little sooner, perhaps, for the ice cream seemed plicity of her occupations. The best china was to be taken down and the silver cleaned; but that was nothing if there had only been enough of it.

"Mamma," said Fanny, her eldest daughter, wh and you know we set down eighteen at table." "Oh, heavens!" exclaimed Mrs. Johnson, in a tone

of despair. "When were the others broken?" There was even a tone of vexation towards he

daughter, who communicated the unpleasant fact, sation with Mr. Graville when the coffee should draw no telling the good that may come of it," she added of breaking the absentees whose loss she announ

"No: you know you just sent him for knives and

Have you counted the spoons?"

"Yes: we are very short I am afraid."

"Jenny must stand in the pantry and wash them a fast as they come from the table, and so we'll make out very well. I think."

The cook, too, was not only to be directed but at ded. The housemaid was taken from her usual duties to perform all sorts of offices; and as for the waiter-boy, he was fairly run off his feet. A regular seemed determined he should drink. waiter was hired to officiate on the great occasion, but he did come until most of the arrangements had been made, and the supreme contempt with which he surveyed the small dining-room, and the scorn with which he received the intelligence that there were no silver dessert-knives when he asked for them, made Mrs. Johnson thankful that he had not come sooner. He had not seen the house half-an-hour before he decided that they "warn't real quality," and Mrs. Johnson already was more afraid of him than she was of Mr. Graville.

and half an hour later a breathless child came down to inform her that "the company were coming, and pa wanted her in the parlor right away."

So heated and worried, Mrs. Johnson had to watch her opportunity to slip through the hall and fly up stairs to begin her toilette.

The repeated ringing of the bell did not tend to

to send it up by.

Mrs. Johnson made her entree in the drawing-room she was to be led in "to eat from the plate she late repose." had washed." Such was her first introduction to her husband's distinguished friend.

It did not require the penetrating eye and knowlhalf a glance the true state of affairs, but as far as his easy and agreeable powers of conversation could go yeast will make eighteen pounds of bread. to restore his fluttered hostess to tranquility, they were exerted; but the man who could have made poor Mrs. Johnson forget her shortness of knives and glasses, and steep in oblivion her fears of the plumpuddings being under-done, must have been something more than common, certainly. Her eye wan-

occupied, I came away very soon. He has promised | Her children's voices, too, draw her attention from the second's boy asking in a loud tone for champagne. "Quite," she replied. "I suppose he will not stay A quick admoitory look reproved the youngsters into He had been employed upon this exquisite piece for formed her, with a reproachful glance, "that the ham richest melody, and already claiming kindred with

With a naivete that almost caused her stylish wai-Mrs. Johnson said nothing more; but she was up ter to faint, she replied, with an equally earnest anbright and early the next morning; and had the front swering look, "that it had been on ever since ten in

Then, too, there was Mr. Graville's plate to be looked after, for Mrs. Johnson was not up to the mo-When Mr. Johnson next saw Mr. Graville he was dern fashion of letting her guests take care of themnore than ever engaged, and seemed perplexed and selves, and to her horror she found him eating soup even embarrassed when his old friend reminded him with a dessert-spoon. She would in the first impulse of his promise of dining with him. He had more in- have snatched it from his lips, but at the moment she vitations to dinners and suppers than he could have made the fatal discovery he has was fortunately reeaten in a year, besides political assemblies and com- lieved of plate and all by the well-trained servant,

him off, he finally promised to delay his departure one till he longed to be starved, to take some of the pate, Some of those who surrounded him seemed sur- the dish! The children, too, sent the boy (they did your sainted mother-let me once more hear those prised at this condescension, but as he said to a gen- not dare to speak to the high-bred black) for oysters tones which have been my solacement and delight." tleman with whom he was particularly intimate, with a perseverance that showed what a treat they "Johnson made such a point of it, and one does not were considered. And then Mr. Johnson would call like to mortify a man who is rather down in the world. without pause for plates till they came most smoking family, too-and, moreover, there was no getting off, naturedly, deaf and blind to all that was going on, and would have made himself agreeable if his host and Mrs. Johnson gasped when her husband told her hostess would have let him. Others of the guests that he had asked Mr. Gravile for the following Mon- joined in the conversation, and in the animation of the moment Mrs. Johnson trusted they did not see this time comprehended (as it touched on his own department) the look that told him that the champagne was out.

To the great relief of host and hostess, and guests, too, the first course was finally through. The dreadful pause which succeeds the removal of meats ere the dessert makes its appearance, was longer than usual by half an hour, thereby telling the anxious Mrs. Johnson that there was some hitch in the machinery down stairs. It came at last, however, as soon as the china and glass were ready to receive it, to be melting in the hot dish in which it had hastily been thrust.

The dinner was at last fairly over, and Mrs. Johnson withdrew from the table, and as she entered the was assisting her, "there are only sixteen soup plates, drawing-room with her daughter Fanny she drew a

Exhausted and mortified, she remained half an hour in profound silence, and was just planning a converinadvertently promised to show himself at the theatre, and was already an hour behind his time."

"Would not be wait for coffee?" Mrs. Johnson urged and pressed; but no-"to his vexation and regret he found the manager had approunced his name to the public as an expected guest, and he must depart;" and with a gracious and flattering speech as to the "pleasure it had given him to meet his old friend again and see him so happily sourrounded," glancing kindly at the children, and with a still more graceful compliment to herself, he was off, while Mrs. Johnson was in the very act of ringing for the coffee she

"Yes, he was gone, and "there was an end of it?" The end of it? No, indeed; the grocer's bill was twice its usual sum that week; the butcher's-Mrs. Johnson turned pale when she eyed the sum total .-And what the wine cost Mr. Johnson would never she knew the amount must be frighful.

And Sam's commission had not even been saked disappointed hopes and long bills.

Although the actual dinner had been no pleasure. The hours waxed on, however, and a sort of order yet Mrs. Johnson soon recovered her spirits sufficientwas coming out of chaos, though Mrs. Johnson was ly to draw some pride from it, and "when Mr. Grastill in the kitchen when Mr. Johnson came home, ville dined with un," and "Mr. Graville said so and and the satisfaction with which sheuttered them almost compensated for the pain the event caused her at the time of its taking place.

LOVE OF A MOTHER. - The three sons of an eastern lady were invited to furnish her with an expression of their love, before she went on a long journey. One tranquilize and cool her as she dressed in all the flur- brought a marble tablet, with the inscription of her ry of a belated hostess, added to which were contin- name; another presented her with a rich garland or "We left the dock about five in the evening, and the ual messages from her impatient and not very con- fragrant flowers; the third entered her presence, and next day about noon, I was leaning over the prow. I siderate husband, sent up as often as he caught a child thus accosted her: - Mother, I have neither marble tablet nor fragrant nosegay, but I have a heart; here At last, however, heated, flurried and half-dressed, your name is engraved, here your memory is precious: and this heart, full of affection, will follow you wherjust ten minutes before the folding-doors opened, and ever you travel, and remain with you wherever you

DOMESTIC YEAST,-Boil one pound of good flour, quarter of a pound of brown sugar, and a little salt, in two gallons of water, for an hour, When milk edge of the world of a Mr. Graville to perceive with warm, bottle it and cork it closely, and it will be fit for use in twenty-four hours. One pound of this marry. The young lady replied,

POTATOES .- Put into the pot a piece of lime as large as a hen's egg; and however watery the potatoes may be, when the water is poured off they will be perfectly dry.

An Amateur Sailor, speaking of sea sickness, says dered in the midst of his most agreeable sallies, and "I have heard many things recommended, but the fellow, and would I know, rather that I should have themselves defrauded if he speaks to any one they a nervous look after the boy who aided the sman of only thing I think likely to answer, was suggested introduced him; but I did not want to. I did not don't introduce. I see they eye me very curiously, parts," showed that both her head and ears were in by a friend; namely, a cork in the throat, wired down as for ginger beer."

THE DYING MOZART.

Wolfgang Mozart, the great German sweetest song was the last he sung," the 'Rea nience, and as she turned from them, her husband in- several weeks -his soul filled with inspirations of mmortality. After giving its last touch, and breathing into it that undying spirit of song which was to consecrate it through all time, as his 'cycnean strain.' he fell into a gentle and quiet slumber. At length the quiet footsteps of his daughter Emilie awoke him. "Come hither," said he, "my Emilie-my task is done-the Requiem-my Requiem is finished."-"Say not so, dear father," said the gentle girl, interrupting him as tears stood in her eyes. "You must be better-vou look better, for even now your cheek has a glow upon it-I am sure we will nurse you well again-let me bring you something refreshing. "Do not deceive yourself, my love," said the dving father, "this wasted form can never be restored by human aid. From Heaven's mercy alone do I look for aid, in this my dying hour. You spoke of refrestment, my Emilie-take these my last notes-eit with an earnestness that showed that the pate was down to my piano here-sing with them the hymn of Emilie obeyed; and with a voice enriched with tenderest emotion, sung the following stanzas:-

> Spirit! thy labor is o'er! Thy term of probation is run,
> Thy steps are now bound for the untrodden shore
> And the race of immortals begun.

Spirit! look not on the strife Or the pleasures of earth with regret-To mourn for the day that is set.

Spirit! no fetters can bind, No wicked have power to molest; the weary, like thee—the wretched shall find A heaven, a mansion of rest.

Spirit! how bright is the road For which thou art now on the wing? home it will be, with thy Savior and God, Their loud hallelujah to sing.

As she concluded, she dwelt for a moment upo the low melancholy notes of the piece, and then turning from the instrument, looked in silence for the approving smile of her father. It was the still passionless smile which the rapt and joyous spirit had left-with the seal of death upon those features.

STEAM NAVIGATION.

The first working steam engine of which there is on record, falthough descriptions of such made bear date us early as B. C. 100) was invented in Englong breath, and for the first time that day sat down land by Thomas Savery, about the year 1697. These engines were used but a short time, owing to the danger of explosion, and the enormous quantity of fuel used. The condensing engine was invented by Newcommon and Cawley-the first a blacksmith very much as if the poor girl might have been guilty the gentlemen to the drawing-room, which was to make amends for what she felt as yet had been a failure, when the door opened and in came the great man which it was surrounded. The discovery of condet the cylinder, introduced into a hollow craing, by dental-a small hofe, through which the water leaked, made a jet directly into the cylinder, and hence the discovery; which is as much more perfect and rapid condensation than any other method. It has been in use ever since. About the year 1763, the immortal Watt, then a mathematical instrument maker, was employed by the professor of natural philosophy in the University of Glasgow, to make some repairs on the model of an atmospheric engine used in the lectures. In some experiments that were equired to try his work, he made several valuable discoveries of the laws relative to the evaporation of water, which resulted in the invention and construction of the double acting engine, nearly similar to the engine of the present day. Our countrymen were the first to apply the steam engine successfully to steam navigation-Fitch on the Delaware, in 1785, and Ravisey on the Potomac, in 1786. Boats were constructed by several others. The most successtell, but he was so cross whenever she asked him that ful was that of Stevens' of Hoboken. These boats were propelled by paddles, "duck's feet" pumps, poles, &c. put in motion by the engine. Fulton in for! Poor Mrs. Johnson could have cried over her 1795, proposed to propel boats by paddle wheels. A vessel was put on the Seine by him in 1803, and performed successfully. Fulton's boat was the first put in motion on the Hudson in the summer of 1807. which secured to him the exclusive right to navigate the waters of New York. Stevens was but a few so," were phrases that fell frequently from her lips, days later in moving a boat, which, being shut out of the waters of New York, was taken round by sea. to the Delaware. This was the first steamboat that navigated the ocean.

One of the first boats that plied the Hudson river was built by Fulton, and called the 'Car of Neptune.' In a book of travels, printed in 1817, is the following description of the passage to Albany in this boat:perceived something forward that looked like slender spires, at the head and foot of a distant hill. It was Albany, and by three o'clock we stepped ashore again, one hundred & sixty miles north of the capital. which we had quitted but twenty two hours before. Ten hours is now considered a long passage. Ere long it will no doubt be made in six .- Nat. Press, A dive for a Husband .- A young lady was told

by a married one that she had better precipitate herself off Ningara Falls into the basin below, than to

"I would it I thought I could find a husband at the

"Mother," said a little fellow the other day, "is there any harm in breaking egg shells?" "Certainly not, my dear, but why do you sak?" "Cause I dropt the basket just now, and see wh

mess I'm in with the nasty yolks." "You are rather touchy," said the prin

"Then go off with yourself," said the match, p tishly, in reply.